

INSIDE-OUTLOOK

PATHWAYS

SORROWS

STRUGGLE

KINGDOM

LAUGHTER

CHANGE

MYSTERY

HAPPINESS

FREEDOM

CENTRE OF CHANGING

JUL 1974

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JULY /74
VOL. 2 NO. 4
BRAMPTON, ONT.



THE INSIDE OUTLOOK

Cottage 2

Gail B.
Jeannie I.

Cottage 3

Audrey D.
Gale C-J.
Susan B.
June C.
Chic Z.
Margaret H.

Cottage 4

Terry G
Shirley McN.
Dianne P.
Gabby F.

Ingleside

Eddie McA.
Anita S.

Staff Advisors

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Inside Outlook Newspaper Policy:

The views of this newspaper do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper staff or have the endorsement of the administration.

The newspaper reserves the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

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EDITORIAL

When I was asked to write an editorial for the Inside-Outlook, I scrambled around hunting through books trying to find a topic that would help me express what I wanted to say.

The more I searched the more difficult the writing process became. I felt that just about anyone else could express better, what I wanted to say.

A cop out?

I then contemplated "forgetting" about it. I decided that was not a good idea as I would be unable to look Eddie McA, among others, in the eye if I did.

The search for something meaningful to share - something that means something to me has produced two foot-high stacks of poetry - I have selected the following.

I hope you like it.

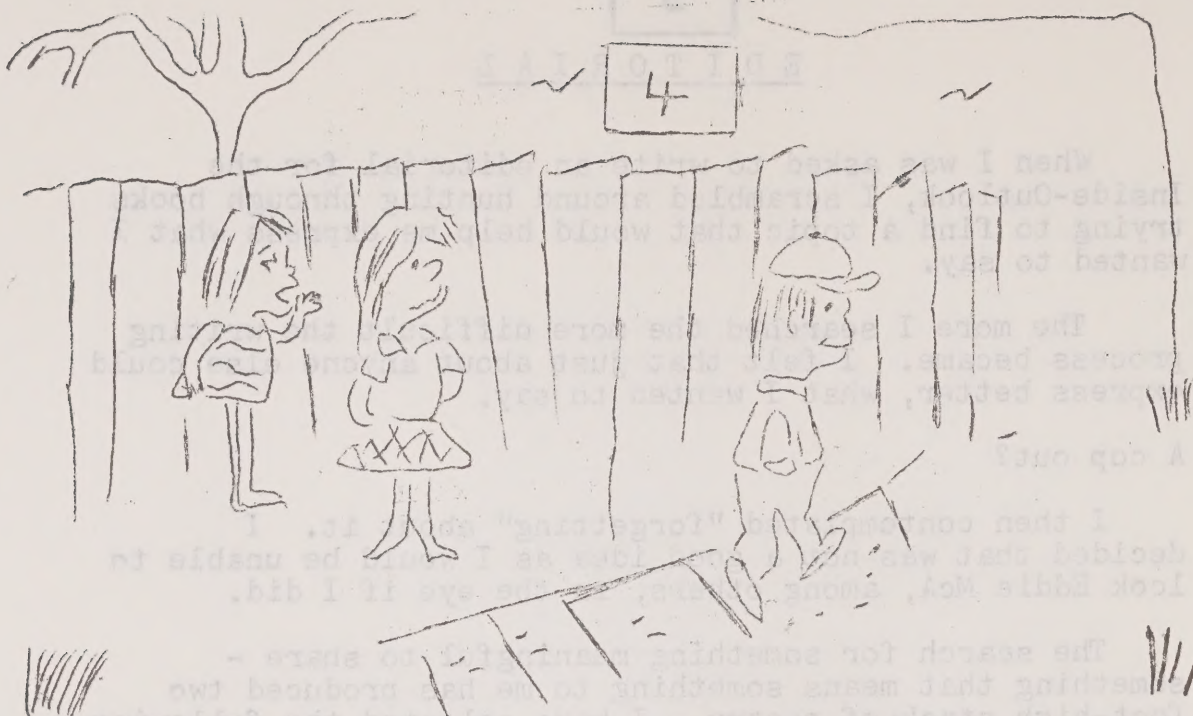
Bows
Blessings
and
Benevolences

Carolyn Carew

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

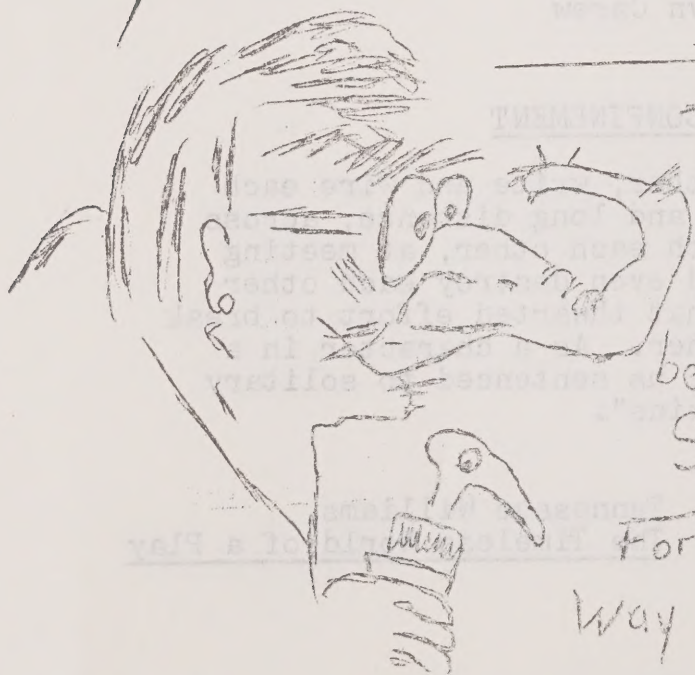
And so we talk to each other, write and wire each other, call each other short and long distance, across land and sea, clasp hands with each other, at meeting and at parting, fight ... and even destroy each other because of this always somewhat thwarted effort to break through the walls to each other. As a character in a play once said, "We're all of us sentenced to solitary confinement inside our own skins".

From: Tennessee Williams,
The Timeless World of a Play



"You gotta watch out for that one he'll
give you a frog and then forget all about
you!"

= Terry G. =



There was old
lady of KENT whose
nose was remarkably
bent. One day, they suppose,
She followed her nose,
For no one knows which
way she went HA! HA!..

Terry G

Points to Ponder (Stolen from Reader's Digest)

Britain's Chay Blyth made the first solo nonstop trip by sailboat around the world in a westerly direction in 292 days. When reporters asked about loneliness, the 31 year old Blyth said, "You'd be surprised how you come to enjoy just being alone. It's probably selfish, but the truth is, I wasn't really lonely or unhappy being by myself."

One wonders if perhaps many people who live alone don't make themselves unhappy by assuming that they are SUPPOSED to be unhappy.

.....Robert Peterson.

In my practice at the Atlanta Psychiatric Clinic, people sometimes ask me what psychiatry is all about. To me, the answer is increasingly clear. Almost every emotional problem can be summed up in one particular bit of behaviour: it's a person walking around screaming, "For God's sake, love me." Love me, that's all. He goes through a million different manipulations to get somebody to love him.

On the other hand, healthy people are those who walk around looking for someone to Love. And, if you see changes in the people who are screaming, "Love Me, Love Me", it's when they realize that if they give up this screaming and go to the other business of loving another human, they can get the love they've been screaming for all their lives. It's hard to learn, but it's good when you learn it.

.....Dr. Thomas P. Malone

Thomas Aquinas, who knew more about education and persuasion than almost anybody who ever lived, once said that when you want to convert someone to your view, you go over to where he is standing, take him by the hand (mentally speaking) and guide him. You don't stand across the room and shout at him; you don't call him a dummy; you don't order him to come over to where you are. You start where he is, and work from that position. That's the only way to get him to budge.

.....Sydney J. Harris.

Submitted by Joyce Porter.

Thank You, Lynda

A sincere note of thanks must go out to Lynda Brklacich and the Rec Staff who put energy, effort and enthusiasm into Vanier's May 20th weekend. Organizing and overseeing the events was no small task. Residents had the opportunity to slide to glory in the mud at Saturday afternoon baseball, then clean up and take in a good performance from the five-member band "The No-Names" and later on came the spilling of tears on the gym floor during "Love Story". Sunday featured thrills and action in the form of Fun Track and Field, during which the human body was seen giving imaginative and taxing performances. On Monday a wild array of animal imitators spread around the complex to find peanuts in a Scavenger Hunt. The evening consisted of 90 minutes round a blazing campfire, munching charcoaled marshmallows and listening to a variety of guitar entertainments. Even the unexpected appearance of a wild mouse couldn't tear us (all) from our comfortable positions near the fire. Thank you, Lynda, for helping us kill three days quickly and painlessly.

Gale C-J

Our Librarians

Many of you have not had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Shirley and Sharon, the librarians Here at Vanier.

The library is the main and central meeting room for inmates and they are treated with respect and given every courtesy that is extended to people being free. Maybe more so!

Flowers are given to other staff and what about our librarians? I think they should be commended for their tireless efforts in obtaining books and records, especially asked for by the residents. So, ladies, please go and meet your friendly librarians. They are two truly nice people.

Eddie Mc.

Good character is like good soup, usually homemade.

P A T H W A Y S

Visualize life as a long road with hills and cross-roads and detours and paths. As we go through life we cross many roads and take many paths and climb many hills both up and down towards the main highway.

We begin life at birth and from infant days through adolescent years our lives are pretty well programmed for us. For some these are the happiest years of our lives and for others they are the saddest years of their life. In general we have parents, or guardians, a home, brothers and sisters and schooling and the everyday love, laughter and heartaches that is all part of growing up. Perhaps we should relate this period in our lives as our first pathway.

Then we reach our teenage years, where our second pathway begins. For some of us we choose to continue our education and studies or to go to work in various professions. Our lives become an adventure, we are beginning to leave the nest and search for different things. Many of us are successful in our searches but some will choose a path and detour, by getting into trouble, or by an instant marriage or by breaking the law. Invariably we have detoured and hit a crossroad.

Our teen years generally speaking are the best years of our lives, although at the time we are living them we don't think so because the world is big and we are young and full of life and all too anxious to do all of our living at once.

Then we move along life and choose other pathways. Married life, Religious Life or Single Life and for many of us there are both good and bad years combined. Our highway has attained many paths and crossroads and detours. Again we choose pathways, because with married life, invariably offspring arise and create more paths. Religious life, although we don't have added paths, there are crossroads. Single life a Pathway with many detours and hills, adventure-some but lonely.

Whatever Pathway we choose as we go down the highway of life we can expect detours, crossroads and many pathways but whichever Path we choose we are all looking forward to the main highway.

Audrey D.

CAMPING T.A.P.

COTTAGE 4

The camping T.A. was a gas. Hochi was the first cottage to go camping at Norval camp. I know all the chicks were pretty excited about it as it really gave us a good feeling just to get out for a few days. We left Vanier at 9:30 a.m. and of course, got the frisk job and finally left camp. When we got there, we each chose a cabin, which was fun and finally settled in to our new home for three heavenly days. Wow! The first day, we went on a hike and sat around and some of the chicks waded in the creek as the swimming pool wasn't ready yet. We really kept ourselves busy each day and in the evenings we had bonfires, weiner roasts, marshmallows, etc. By 11:00 - 11:30 p.m. most of us were really tired, so we'd crash out if we wanted to. Some of us would go on hikes alone without staff and that was really decent. It showed that there was trust between residents and staff. The days went so fast and I think most of us didn't want to come back, as it was so beautiful out there. But what could we do? So, for the next cottage who goes camping, have fun as it's a really far-out trip. Dig? To make a long story short, I really hope that the next camping trip next year is made a little longer than three days as I think staff enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

• So chicks, rock on and have a good trip, huh?

Shirley Mc.

A Tribute

I wonder how many of us here, or anywhere for that matter, at one time or another, feel a desperate need to talk to someone about things that are so deeply personal to us, that we can't share them with just anyone.

I am one such person, and I am writing this to all of you, to point out a service on this complex, that is freely offered to us, and I for one have taken advantage of it. I am speaking of our Chaplains, wonderful human beings who have that great capacity for listening and advising. In my own case, I must speak of Father John Bromley -- Wild Guitar and All!

I am a person who, unfortunately, keeps things locked inside, feelings, troubles, hurts, everything. I have tried many ways to make myself be able to turn to other people when I need help. Knowing that almost everyone on this complex has her own problems to deal with, one hesitates to burden her with more, but sometimes, it comes to the point where you do relieve yourself to a small extent by reaching out to them and confiding a little of what you are feeling. I repeat though in my case, I felt I needed someone I could really unload all I was feeling. Guilt, Shame, Frustration, a very large "hurt" and perhaps even a little "self-pity."

I finally got up the nerve to approach the person who has turned out to be a friend and mentor to me, Father John. I admit, quite freely, that I went to him with a chip on my shoulder and with great trepidation. My thoughts were mixed, "Would I be able to talk to him and even if I could, what could he possibly be able to do to help me?" A word of advice friends, don't underestimate our clergy. They do have compassion, understanding and the wonderful ability to be able to see things you have missed yourself. I found this to be true in my talk with Father John and believe me I fought it -- and him. Even knowing that I wanted and needed help, I actually kept resenting this man who was so eager to listen to me and give his best in helping me sort out all the little things that had suddenly piled up so high that I felt I was drowning in a sea of emotion. Things that I thought were so intimate to me suddenly came pouring out in a torrent and so help me I don't think I'll ever know how he figured out what was really troubling me out of all the jumble of words that poured out of me.

I hope I'm not embarrassing Father Bromley by singling him out. No, I take that back. I really don't care because I want him to know how much I appreciate what he is doing for me and to point out to all of you, that if you need him, or any of the Chaplains, they are there and they

really care. To Father John Bromley, a special warm thanks and "May the wind always blow at your back and God keep you in the palm of His hand."

Florence C.

Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slope;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opens,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals---
I know what the caged bird feels.

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough - a - swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting---
I know why he beats his wing!

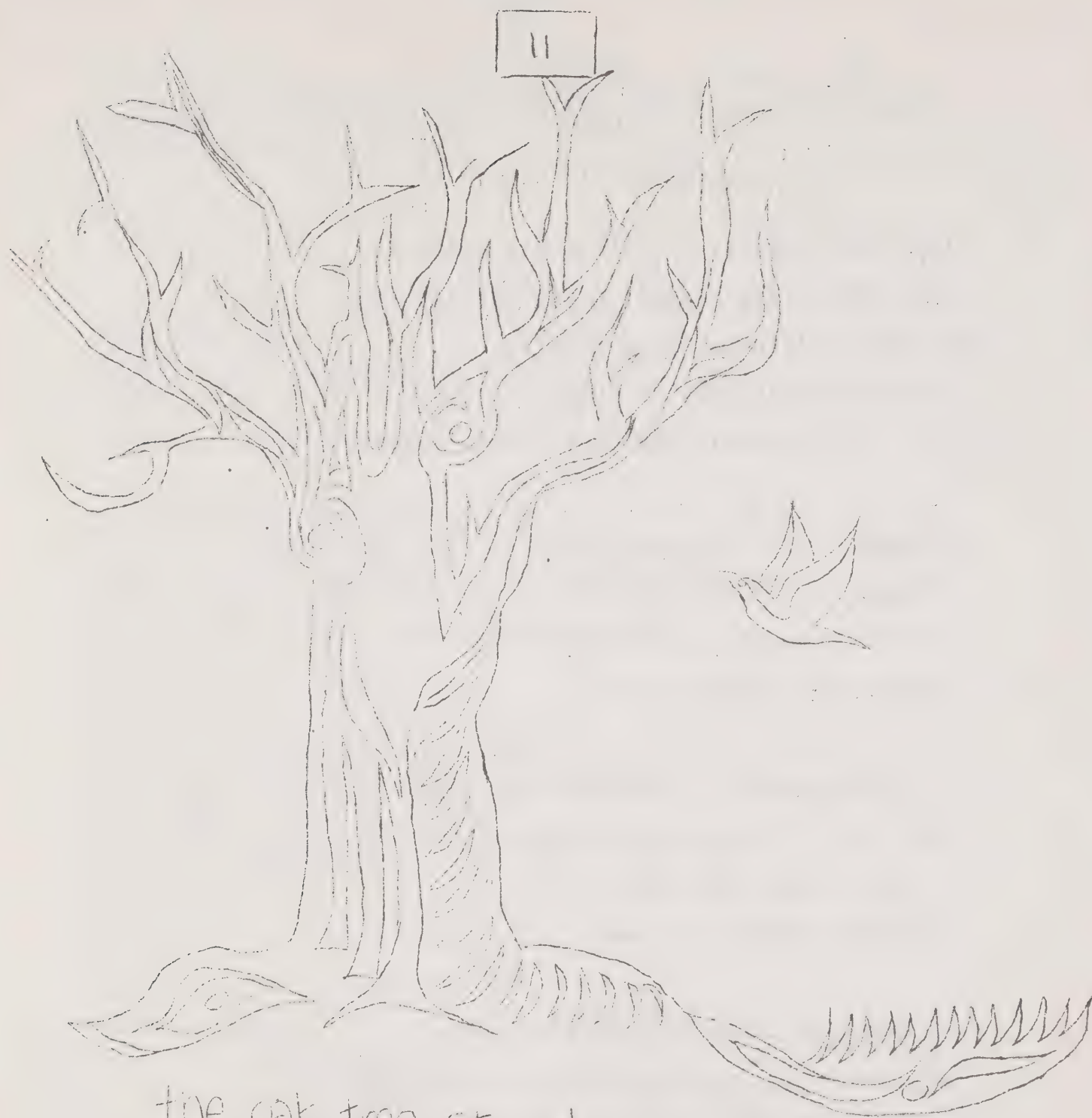
I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,---
When he beats his bars and would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven, he flings,
I know why the caged bird sings!

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Rhapsody

I am glad day long for the gift of song,
For time and change and sorrow;
From the sunset wings and the world-end things
Which hang on the edge of tomorrow.
I am glad from my heart whose gates apart
Are the entrance - place of wonders,
Where dreams come from the rush and din
Like sheep from the rains and thunders.

William Stanley Braithwaite.



the oak tree stands
noble on the hill
even in
cherry blossom time

—Basho

Susan B.

A DEDICATION TO CHRIS

That day comes to us with sad regrets,
It's also a day we will never forget,
You fell asleep without goodbye,
Perhaps it was just as well.

For we could have never said goodbye.

So many things have happened,
Since you were called away.
So many things to share with you,
Had you been left to stay.

A million times we've thought of you,
That day a million tears were cried.
If love could have saved you,
You never would have died.

We love you too dearly to ever forget,
And though the years be they many or few,
We always, dear Chris, will be thinking of you.

For no one knows the grief we share.
When we talk of you,
And know you'll never hear.

A dedication from
the Ingleside Girls

Written by Anita S.

This song was written during Barb's first visit to Vanier. I found her words expressed a lot of the feelings not voiced by our residents.

Elizabeth McI.

HOME

Someday soon I'll be home from these walls and
from this town,
Someday soon I'll be home where I belong
Someday soon I'll find a way on that new and
Better day
Someday soon I'll be home where I belong.

From the Prison of my soul
It is love that makes me whole
Love can free me to be all that I may be.
Lord, I need a helping hand and someone
To understand
Help me find a way back home where I'll
be free.

When I spread the love I found
Share my joy with those around
As I feel and meet another in his need,
Loneliness will fade away
And then on that happy day
We'll be home together back where we belong.

Barb B.

TIME

Time is hours	Time doesn't wait
days	it passes
months	
years	Oh, for the time
	I can look back on <u>This</u> .
Time is short	
long	
fast slow	Chris R.

Time has to be served
 it lingers
 it drags
 it stops

MISS HEROIN

So now, little man, you've grown tired of grass,
L. S. D., goof balls, cocaine and hash.
And someone pretending to be your true friend.
Said "I'll introduce you to - Miss Heroin."

Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,
Just let me inform you how it will be,
For I will seduce you and make you my slave.
I sent much stronger than you to their grave.

You think you'll never become a disgrace
But you'll end up addicted to poppy and waste.
So you'll start snorting me one afternoon,
And you'll take me into your arms very soon.

And once I have entered deep down in your veins,
The craving will nearly drive you insane.
You'll need lots of money, so you've been told.
For darling, I'm much more expensive than gold.

You'll swindle your mother just for a buck,
You'll turn into something vile and corrupt,
You'll mug and you'll steal for my narcotic charm,
And feel contentment when I'm in your arms.

They say when you realize the monster you've grown,
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone.
If you think you've got that mysterious knack,
Then sweetie just try getting me off your back!

The vomit, the cramps, your guts tied in knots,
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot.
The cold sweat and those withdrawal pains,
Can only be saved by my little white grains.

There's no other way and there's no need to look,
For deep down inside you know that you're hooked.
You desperately run to your pusher and then
You'll welcome me back in your arms again.

And when you return (just as I foretold)
I know that you'll give me your body and soul.
You'll give me your morals, your conscience, your heart,
And you'll be mine, TILL DEATH DO US PART.

Submitted by Jeannie M.

"LET'S BE PERSONAL"

TOPIC: "LITTLE RED HEN".

Gordon Sinclair

Today's "Let's Be Personal" is a throw-back of the days of my school time when we had the story of the "Little Red Hen"..

This one today is not anything original by me, it's the Little Red Hen updated to deal with the present cries for relief, relief and more welfare: -

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen who scratched about and uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her barnyard neighbors and said, "If we work together and plant this wheat we will have some fine bread to eat. Who will help me plant the wheat?"

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I" said the Duck. "Not I," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen.... and she did.

After the wheat started growing, the ground turned dry and there was no rain in sight. "Who will help me water the wheat?" said the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Not I," said the Pig. "Equal rights," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen....and she did.

The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap the wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck., "Out of my classification," said the Pig. "I'd lose my ADC," said the Goose. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen...and she did.

When it came time to grind the flour, "Not I," said the Cow, "I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the Duck.

When it came time to bake the bread, "That's overtime for me," said the Cow. "I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the Duck. "I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the Pig. "If I'm the only one helping, that's discrimination," said the Goose.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Hen...and she did. She baked five loaves of fine bread and held them up for her neighbors to see.

"I want some," said the Cow, "I want some," said the Duck, "I want some," said the Pig. "I demand my share," said the Goose.

"No," said the Little Red Hen. "I can rest for awhile and eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits," cried the Cow, "Capitalistic leech !" screamed the Duck, "Company fink," grunted the Pig. "Equal rights," screamed the Goose.

And they hurriedly painted picket signs and marched around the Little Red Hen singing. "We shall overcome," And they did.

For when the farmer came to investigate the commotion, he said, "You must not be greedy, Little Red Hen. Look at the oppressed cow. Look at the disadvantaged Duck. Look at the underprivileged Pig. Look at the less-fortunate Goose. You are guilty of making second-class citizens of them !"

"But...but...but I earned the bread," said the Little Red Hen.

"Exactly," the wise Farmer said. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system; everybody in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. You should be happy to have this freedom. In other barnyards, you would have to give all five loaves to the Farmer. Here you give four loaves to your suffering neighbours."

And they all lived happily ever after. Including the Little Red Hen, who smiled and smiled and clucked. "I am grateful, I am grateful.

But her neighbors wondered why she never baked any more bread.

Submitted by Bert Peterson

Frustration is a bald headed hippie.

Profanity is the use of strong words by weak people.

A bridegroom is a guy who has lost his liberty in the pursuit of happiness.

A marriage broke up because of illness in the family, they got sick of one another.

Submitted by Anita S.

MEMORANDUM

17

To: All Departments,

Subject: Management Committee Policy on "Streaking."

In view of numerous inquiries Department Heads have had as to Government's position on "streaking", Management Committee has adopted the following:

- 1) Streaking will be permitted as follows:
 - A) Female employees will streak on odd days.
 - B) Males on even days.
 - C) On payday, all employees may streak, subject to the following:
 - a) Girls who have tattoos on the lower half of their bodies, such as "sock it to me" or "what you see is what you get" will not be permitted to streak due to insurance regulations.
 - b) Men with tattoos such as "let it all hang out" will not be permitted to streak (bad for the image). Also, men with tattoos of butterflies, roses or naked women will not be allowed to streak with women unless the said tattoos are on the top half of their bodies.
 - c) Junior Executives may carry their briefcases while streaking; however, the usual rule applies: "Junior Executives may never streak while in possession of any business or confidential papers, but may carry the usual, such as a box of kleenex, lunch, wife's shopping list and Playboy magazine.
 - d) Girls with bust size larger than 36B must wear a bra, while in shop area, or around any moving machinery. Girls smaller than 36B, should not try to impress people by wearing a bra.
 - e) If you streak in any area where food is served, you must wear TWO hairnets. These will be available from the vending machine by the cafeteria entrance.
 - f) In the event your physical make-up is such that your sex cannot be determined, such as flat chest for girls or long hair for boys, you must wear a tag stating "I am a boy" or "I am a girl". Tags will be attached on girls with a hairpin or hairclip; on boys with rubber bands or scotch tape. Please return paper-clips and rubber bands to stationery supplies after you have finished streaking.

(cont'd next page)

- g) Girls may wear jewellery while streaking, but in no event should they bend over to retrieve it, should it fall.
(Due to insurance regulations.)
- h) No mixed streaking in dark hallways, broom closets or under desks.

WARNING: OHIP will not cover for any injuries during streaking sessions.

Management Committee of Cabinet.

See attached warning from your Health Centre.

"STREAKING OVER FENCES CAN BE
HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!"



INTENSE BOREDOM

Oh, what intense boredom can do.
 It can make you go to any extreme lengths to invent
 any kind of trivial action to fill the space of boredom.
 Boredom in its intensity does not mean just lying around
 doing nothing.
 In fact I can honestly say it is precisely the opposite.
 It is a point reached where any activity will do, just
 so long as some kind of behavior output can be achieved.
 The situation is too threatening to enjoy the sensitive
 pleasure typical of self-rewarding activities.
 Being underactive is damaging to the nervous system and
 the brain does its utmost to protect itself.
 Just as overactivity can be damaging to your health too
 rest can soon regain a happy medium there.
 But boredom can bring about bad habits which cause the
 body to react to break the monotony.
 How many of us need help with our boredom??????????????

By Anita S.

To a hippie, a square is a guy who is still hooked
 on hope.

If water pollution gets any worse, walking on it will
 be a cinch.

Old lawyers never die, they just lose their appeal.

By Anita S.

I finally get to leave this place
Hoping they will never see my face
Now, you know that I'm long gone
But I've realized what I've done,

Now my room is for someone new
I hope they realized what they've done
What mistake made them go wrong
Since they're staying here very long.

I've corrected my mistake and now hoping
to find
Peace and love of all Man Kind
So now I'm leaving and thinking of you
I hope you feel the same way I do, too?

Lynne W.

Happy Mother's Day

To my dearest mother,
May God bless you, dear mother,
Dear mother of mine,
I wish all mothers were so sweet
and kind.
I'm so thankful, so blessed to have
a mother like mine.
You brought me up, with love, faith
and wisdom in mind.
And with love and understanding
You've shown me the way, and through God,
You taught me how to pray.
I love you, dear mother,
And I thank God for you,
Because you are my Mother.

Your child,
Harlene (Chic)

A friend is someone who can see through you
and still enjoy the show.

Submitted by Anita S.

Love is ♥♥♥♥

21



REMEMBERING the Day
WE MET!

A/O!

REGULAR WAGES FOR INMATES

Approval for a plan to pay prison inmates up to the minimum wage for inside work has finally come from the Federal Cabinet.

The business will come from the government, and projects will be established to compare in every way with similar outside operations (i.e. hours, pace of work, quality of assembly lines). Workers inside will be full time and could earn up to \$2.20 an hour, paying out board, income tax and unemployment insurance. The balance would go either to dependants or into a trust fund till release.

I think the incentives offered here, decent pay and real work, should prove helpful in eliminating apathy and building self-confidence. After all, no street job allows two-hour smoke breaks or minimum efforts, which are often the attitudes developed in current work areas offered by institutions.

I believe most prisoners would welcome this opportunity for accomplishment and remuneration. The report suggests that even those employed in regular prison work areas (kitchen, cleaning) would receive a raise above the present canteen allowance. Only prisoners engaged in educational programmes would not benefit from the new plan. Would this mean sacrificing upgrading and education? Probably, for some. But perhaps the benefits of a regular job would outweigh those to be gained through our present prison academic offerings. Anyone who really wants to learn could always utilize some of his free hours.

by Gale C.-J.

A Small Prayer

Oh Lord hear my cry
Will you hear me before I die?
I've always had to say
I need the will to live each day.

Oh Lord you heard my cry
You heard before I died
And I heard you say
You have the will to live each day.

by Gail B.

For My Daughter

Remember the sun, little one
 That followed us through streets
 We strolled together, searching
 Sidewalk cracks and narrow paths your
 Gentle child hands reaching
 For small wonders, buster cups and
 Burrs and bending twigs, a
 Walking stick you'd have a
 Magic fairy wand to touch with.
 Remember the smiles we shared,
 Your musical chuckles lost in
 My loud guffaws. Your head thrown back
 In imitation. Ringed in the red of
 Your baseball cap, blonde curls flying.
 How you loved your knee-socks
 At the knee! Blue racing shoes
 With two precision bows tied tight and even.
 Mama could be falling apart, but
 You always called her beautiful.

To a Distant Lover

It's difficult to waken now
 To shake the sleep-fog from my head
 And feel the narrow, empty bed
 Without you stretched out sleek and
 Silent softly breathing man I love
 Beside me.
 The threads and shreds of morning dream
 Are filtered from reality when locks
 Resound along the hall and sleepy eyes
 Come clear to greet the concrete wall
 Beside me.
 Your letter in the early mail
 Familiar paper breathing love
 Sustains me through the daytime hours
 Then fires my sleepy mind it seems
 To guarantee at least in dreams you'll be
 Beside me.

by Gale C-J.

Gale was awarded Honourable Mention in the Prison
 Arts 74 Contest for these poems.

Caroline Carew: Portrait of a Human Being

She not only teaches, but also embodies, the concepts of her classes in "Human Growth and Development". I don't know how she does it. So much energy and emotional honesty is put into the session I have with her that I think she must be totally drained. Yet, she often goes on into another class, offering again her whole self and sharing an equal openness with more of her students. In Caroline's class, there is no fear. She not only listens to, but also hears, what you have to say. Our opinions of, and experiences with, morality, sexuality, family, environment, childhood etc. are freely expressed and discussed. We see through each other's eyes.

Caroline has come a far distance from her own beginnings. She has made her struggles in life positive forces which has given her a great depth of human understanding. And yet she is always searching for more! Her attitudes and influence are among the most beneficial I have encountered at Vanier. She can smile and laugh with others, even while there is pain in her heart. She can share her 'self'. What more could one ask of another human being?

by Gale C-J

My C.O. & I

It is a lucky thing that I have Val as my C.O. I find it very hard to express myself and I find Val very understanding and an easy person to talk to. It has made adjusting to the Kontiki program a lot easier for me. The staff really care-- and I can feel the "togetherness" from all the residents in Kontiki. I have learned a lot. (especially about sunburns)!

The long week-end activities must have taken a lot of planning and I personally would like to thank both staff and the participating residents for making my week-end as enjoyable as it was.

It was great to have so many ribbons and the banner brought back to Kontiki for "74", not to mention the wet feet and clothes in our ill-fated tug of war.

Suzanne R.

Meditation

It's a busy world we live in,
We get caught up in the race.
And sometimes our sense of values,
Slips a little out of place.
It's a good thing to pull over,
to the roadside now and then,
And get our thinking straightened out,
Before we start again.....

Author unknown,
Submitted By Anita S.

Pollutionwise

I think that I shall never see
An air pollutant like a tree.
A tree that with its vapors can,
Foul up ten times more air than man.
A tree that with toxic fumes accost
More atmosphere than car exhaust;
Compared with tree, is but a joke.
And yet there must be fools like me
Who still are glad God made a tree.

Author Davey Bullentin
Submitted By Anita S.

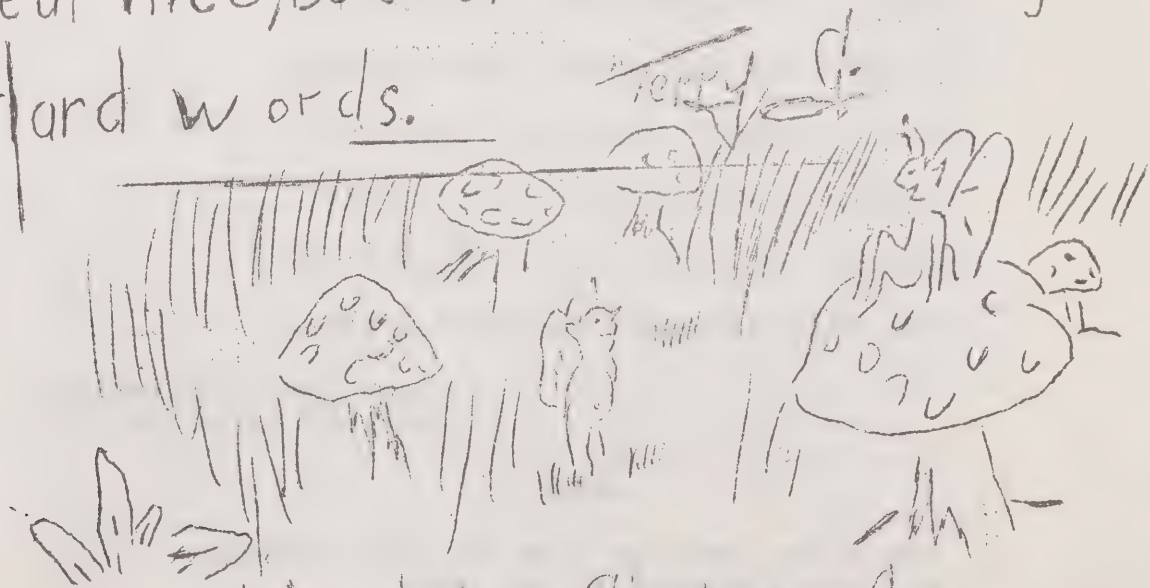
Woman

Woman was created from the rib of man,
Not from his head to top him
Nor out of his feet to be trampled upon,
But out of his side, equal to him
Next to his heart to be loved.

Gail B.



WE were going to make something
 real nice, but there were too many
 Hard words.



"Hey! How About you Giving ME
 A wish And ME Giving you A wish?"

Terry G.

Man's Search For Meaning by Victor Frankl

When Victor Frankl was a young man, and a doctor/psychiatrist, he suddenly found himself facing a terrifying future. He was on a train with thousands of other Jews, heading for a concentration camp. For the terrible crime of his religion he would now pay by enduring years of enforced slavery and starvation.

Not only did he survive, but he also emerged with a philosophy that gets right to the essence of all mankind. He states, "the last human freedom is the ability to choose one's attitude in a given set of circumstances." Those of the prisoners who could see no meaning in everyday life (and understandably, when life meant forced labour in snow with only thin rags to wear, frequent beatings, watery soup to eat, and the constant threat of the gas chambers) were the first to die. Their spirits broke and there was nothing left to sustain their bodies. But for the few who accepted the daily torture as the greatest test of their inner strength, who held dearly to dreams of a future of freedom and reunion with families, for these who knew moments of spiritual escape from their wretched existence there was hope and, often, survival. Nietzsche says, "He who has a WHY to live for can bear with almost any HOW."

The psychological aspects of a prisoner's life are laid out simply and forcefully. Anyone, whether in jail or on the outside, can understand and benefit from the resulting philosophy and (logo) therapy. The next time the trials of life at Vanier seem to be closing in on you, find comfort in these words, "That which does not kill me, makes me stronger", and "To live is to suffer. To survive is to find meaning in the suffering".

by Gale C-J.

THE AFTER THOUGHT

Hear my cry, O God the Reader; vouchsafe that this my prayer may fall not still born into the world-wilderness. Let there spring, Gentle One, from out its leases vigor of thought and thoughtful deed to reap the harvest wonderful. Let the ears of a guilty tingle with truth, and seventy million sigh for the righteousness which exalteth nations, in this dreary day when human brotherhood is mockery and a snare. Thus in Thy good time may infinite reason turn the tangle straight, and these crooked marks on a fragile leaf be not indeed the end.

W.E.B Du Bois
Submitted by Eddie Mc.

A LOOK AT INGLESIDE

Moving to Ingleside is an entirely different environment compared to the complex. It is a free setting but also there is group involvement. There is an intense feeling that you get when you first arrive, because every resident has a certain responsibility to achieve. Some work and others do volunteer work.

Although everyone has their own thing to do, there is group involvement expected also. When you first arrive at Ingleside you will feel a sigh of relief from the tensions of the complex, but your responsibilities are not over. There is a certain amount of responsibility that each resident must meet such as; cooking, and ordering and planning of the meals themselves for the entire week. Also, the residents are expected to do all cleaning chores and the keeping of ones own room in order.

Some girls who don't have paying jobs are expected, not demanded, to take part in some volunteer work which is available for the residents. There are housemeetings every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, in which everyone is expected to participate in helping to make decisions concerning the program and also group TA's and other things concerning problems that might arise in everyday group living. There is a certain amount of consideration asked of each and every resident here. Together is the main objective, even though you are in an open setting and are on your way back into society.

Leisure-ability is another phase in the Ingleside program which means being able to apply your abilities to doing something constructive in your leisure time. There are facilities available for this, but the motivation is totally up to the individual to be able to determine what is constructive and what isn't. The facilities available are; Arts and Crafts, Sewing, Cooking, Volunteer Work, the E. Fry Room, Kiddy Kollege and the Brampton Library and other resources available for the residents' use.

There are units of the program in which residents may volunteer or be elected to hold a position and responsibility; also, there is a staff member assigned to assist the resident in fulfilling the responsibility that is expected of her.

A resident should know before coming to Ingleside that you do not immediately go out into the community, even though your TA's have been approved on the complex. Ingleside still makes their own recommendations which are sent to the Superintendent for his approval. The resident who wishes to work is assisted in finding jobs and also must fill out a work TA and they must be approved and go through the same process as other TAs.

Except these TA's must be approved by Queen's Park which takes a period of several weeks. However Resident commences employment on a 1-5 day TA, until approval by Queen's Park.

All working residents are responsible for their own transportation to and from work. This responsibility is not up to the staff or volunteer worker. Sometimes transportation is hard to come by and the other alternative is cab or walking.

Twenty dollars a week is charged for room and board of the working residents, and their canteen is deducted from their personal funds.

The TA phase of the program is based on complete honesty and trust, that each individual who can take advantage of this is expected to be truthful about their TAPs and not misuse them where it will cause a bad reflection on Ingleside, Staff or other residents.

All residents must submit to a search upon returning from any TAPs whether work or otherwise.

Breeches are issued to those residents not abiding by their Ingleside contracts that they signed before coming here. Three breeches if issued within on month's time can cause a resident to go up for placement but this does not mean that they will be placed back on the complex, but it could be more or less a discussion to find out if there could be some changes made in the resident's program. Breeches are handled individually and can be brought to your Planning Meeting which is held once a month.

All residents making commitments, whether they be work commitments or otherwise, are expected to follow through, except for medical reasons.

Those residents working should handle themselves accordingly to and from work. A week's notice should be handed into their employers in advance upon quitting their jobs.

There are various group TA's being initiated such as, Recreational, Horseback Riding, Outings, Picnics, Camping Trips, Shows, Tours and Concerts. The staff here are always open for suggestions on what a resident would like to do and where they would like to go.

Visitors who come to Ingleside are allowed one visit per week and they are one hour per visit. Coffee, tea and soft drinks are served by the hostesses or other residents during the visit. If a visitor comes regularly enough the visits may not be chaperoned but this is left entirely up to the discretion of the staff on duty at that particular time. The visiting day and hours are the same as that on the complex.

Staff is available for your particular needs and are willing to work along with you no matter what the case may be.

Well; you have had a look at Ingleside from that side of the fence. Once you get here, look out to your future and don't forget, once here, "don't look back"!

RECURRING T. A. P.'s

I would like to tell you something about my TAPs. When I first came here my children thought I would not be home again so I discussed my problem with my C.O. and she said recurring TAB's would help me and my family to get things straightened out. I have been going home now for the past three weekends and I've found I've been able to cope with things in here a lot better; my mind is more at ease, my family benefits from this, my Mother says the children are much easier to handle because they have something to look forward to, and my husband says he has noticed the change in me. He says I am a much warmer person and he has grown to like me as a person as well as love me. I've learned a lot about my family in these past few weekends, more than I ever had before I was incarcerated.

Thank you, Vanier.

Judy K.

ON MY DEPARTURE

I would like to take up your time for a couple of minutes just to say thanks.

The day I got sentenced the first thing I thought was six months of my life was going to be wasted while I sit in VANIER doing nothing. But I was wrong. I can honestly say now that Vanier has been very benefical to me, and it can be to you if you want it to be. You just have to be a little patient. When I first came here I was a confused screwed up kid, not knowing where I was going in life.

Most of you may think that I am still screwed up but really I'M not, just a bit slower than some of you. But at least now when I walk through those doors, I know where I'm going in life, thanks to some of you. I will not mention names in this letter but YOU all know who you are. And I want to give you a very special thanks for taking your time and being a little patient with me. Vanier has made me realize the difference between right and wrong and you all have helped me with my biggest fault I had and that was to THINK BEFORE I LEAPED. Vanier is not really a bad place to do time for I have found a lot of trust and understanding here. If I have to do time again, I hope it will be here in Vanier. But that is never going to happen because I know where my head is at and I know I ain't coming back.

Thank you, Your friend forever
Marie C.

Parole Day

May 22nd, 1974. It did seem like that was a long way off from the days in Timberlea. Those of us who went before the parole board, each in turn, were buried in our thoughts, no doubt thinking of all the reasons why we should not get parole. I was no exception. I did not expect to make parole. If you could see my cottage evaluations you would understand why.

However, I made it! Tonight in my room, in solitude I have a million things I want to say to different people in different areas.

To Snellley, thank you for your encouragement; it bore fruit. I'll think of you each time I see diamond socks.

Mrs. Lum, you have a special place. With you, few words are needed to communicate. If I were to stay here longer....I would request more time in commercial classes.

To Terry and Mrs. Kautzky. You're both right, there is never quite enough time spent on the newspaper. By the way Terry-----What do you teach? You are so busy making tracks in the Activity Building from one end to the other, I still have not found out. Whatever it is I've enjoyed my short time with both of you.

To the girls in the gym! You must have just about cracked up to see me do the exercises so "um...uh...mm" graceful, especially the belly flops on the gym floor. Never mind! it works! My muscles ache. I know I'll never make the olympics but who knows, I may one day find....a waistline. And men...that would be appreciated.

Mr. Bushoff, Danke schon! Woisttoder Eingang zum Kromkenhaus. Suesindosehrgutig und ich bin ichren sehr dankbar. It has been good working with you and your staff while I have been here and while I am glad to be leaving the Vanier, I will think of you. Mrs. Reid keep smiling....Your words of encouragement and little teasings here and there help to make a dull day bright.

To Mrs. Ali, good luck here at Vanier. Your fancy cooking would be most definitely welcome and I hope your classes start soon. It's been great to talk to you. My time in the kitchen was not ill-spent. Thanks to the staff and the resident's in it.

To the nurses in the medical area, keep growling.... it's surprising how it helps one to keep off the nerve pills. I am not really sure if it was the growling or the blood tests that helped. Whatever it was it worked!

Last but not least, little Doug, no one knows how much I appreciated your trouncing into my clean fridges just after I'd mopped the floors. I learned tolerance, not to mention the fact that you scared some of the girls half to death by your unexpected arrivals in almost every nook of the kitchen. In case anyone is wondering where all our goodies go.....Doug eats them....by the car load.

As for Kon-Tiki program what can I say? Certainly we do need some improvements and they will come. Some really good things are happening in Kon-Tiki (like Marion going home. I wonder if she sleeps well.

All joking aside, I guess like residents in other cottages we feel we've got some pretty good hacks. You too, Val! I mean like we have really been blessed haven't we Mrs. Porter.

To the new summer staff, good luck. I hope you'll like Kon-Tiki. Its a good place to go home from.

To all the girls in Kon-Tiki, it has been a great experience to have met each of you. Where else could I find such warm human beings. June, hang in there. Deep is the gorge that cannot be crossed.

The time I thought was so long has suddenly become too short. From my very essence my thoughts and hope go with you while you are here and after you leave....to go onto better things. Timberlea was the beginning, and I hope each new resident will not let it end there.

Don't believe the stories about Kon-Tiki's "head games" Come with an open mind. I hope in some small way I have contributed to someone else's something.

Miss Westwood I'll bet you thought you'd never hear me say - "I'm glad I got 3."

Sincerely Liz Mc.

Dear Residents:

My Mother is deserting me soon and I don't think my Dad is too interested in me. (Are you Ken?) So I need a new Mom soon ---- preferably one that isn't sunburned.

Lovingly and Hopefully,
Bobbie (Kon-Tiki).

p.s. I eat well and even ask to go to the can!

SEWING

Each article made in sewing expresses something about she who creates the finished product. The color the size the style the care in sewing demonstrates your ideas as to how this, your temporary environment is affecting you.

Do you take an interest in doing a good job? Perhaps the garment just thrown together, as a token of your participation. How about your mistakes while sewing, can you take the extra time to carefully retrace your stitches to see where you made your mistakes, or do you just tuck it in with more stitches? This creates lumps, maybe small but they are there and will probably show through washing and ironing.

Every little thing you do, will either fit well and be comfortable or it could be a trial for the person to wear it. I think the big things happen because of all the little things, right up to the smallest stitch. Remember once you drop a stitch the whole seam may come apart. Let's keep our stitches together.

The Day After Parole

It started with my trusted friend Marion, accusing me, of all people, of messing around with her bed. I just can't let her out of my sight for a minute--what with the kites, sharing of food, bed-making and what have you, I just can't win. Breakfast was liquid, and quite uncontaminated. Our conversation pretty well centered around parole with Marion trying to scheme her way into an extended T.A. to the 10th of June, and trying to get rid of me. Well it happened! I was told I was leaving for Ingleside Friday. I can't repeat my terminology, but you can imagine what it was!! Sorry Noella.

In my other article I wrote about the time being short all of a sudden--too short. It's instantaneous.

I am glad to be leaving Vanier...AS for staff and residents I sincerely regret not having met you on the other side of the fence. It is a small world and I do expect at one time or another, our moccasin trails will cross again. In meeting new people on the street, I will see or recognize something of each of you.

I don't quite know what to expect of Ingleside, but I do know I plan on writing some articles on it for our paper. On my release, I would like to receive a copy of the paper. Change is a thing which is in itself, a very good thing especially when you can see the constructiveness behind it.

It will be good to see some of the girls from my Timberlea days again. Good Luck to all of you. In closing, I would like to say that----even Bobbi, smiled at me, a bit sloppily mind you, but a smile never the less.

Both articles submitted
by Eliz Mc.

Faith.

Faith means active belief or trust. In religious terms a person who is steadfast in his belief and in his actions is said to be faithful and have FAITH"

In circles outside of religion, persons who act according to their moral beliefs are said to have courage.

Certainly true courage is an outline of sincere belief.

Foolish or "Fool-hardy", actions can be engaged in by ignorant or frightened persons or by one who craves attention but this is hardly noted as courage.

True courage is measured by the degree of realistic knowledge one has about the great danger and difficulty of the test.

Courage can only rightly be called courage when it is an evidence of one complete belief or faith in the need for a certain action.

In true courage the person doing the action does not think himself or about what others think of him.

Courage is an Evidence of Faith. Faith is to be used as a shield of Protection.

A shield is that moveable object of self protection that will defend the ones who bear it.

It can ward off danger from any direction. The bearer of the shield is responsible for direction and using it to protect the area which is in danger. Faith can be directed and used by the Christian to protect himself from outside forces which will destroy his inner determination to love and live for God.

The shield of Faith places God's truth and promise between the Christian and spiritual danger.

Written by Anita S.

Growth and Development

A new class has been incorporated at Vanier - "Human Growth and Development" - headed by Carolyn Carew.

First of all let's talk about our teacher. She is a warm human being, understanding, experienced and most of all down to earth.

In our class we relate to and through other people our experiences and knowledge of ourselves and others and how we can share with each other our feelings and knowledge on various topics of life in general.

This is a good class for anyone interested in growing along with the times and developing our minds and attitudes towards life.

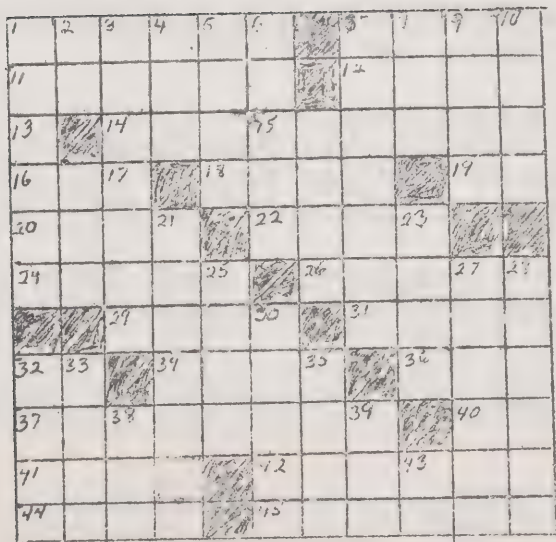
Audrey D.

Across

1. Car Shelter
2. Large Bundle
11. Broad Street
12. Egyptian Goddess
13. Nor (fr)
14. Makes More Wealthy
16. Water Barrier
18. Submerge
19. Compass Point
20. Short Jacket
22. Sir Anthony
24. Wild Party
26. Harangue
29. Mild Oath
31. Extend Across
32. Prefix: Not
34. High Hands
36. Pose for an Artist
37. Something Contained
40. The - (fr)
41. Haut Boy
42. Seaman
44. Tidings
45. Mistakes

Down

1. Male goose
2. Fly
3. Scale Tone
4. Chemical Suffix
5. Firearms
6. Mysterious
7. Quarrels
8. Fire Residue
9. Falsehoods
10. Existence (philos.)
15. India (Comb. form)
17. Change Position
21. Denies the truth of
23. Snoozes
25. Intertwine
27. Garment Maker
28. Penetrates
30. Compact
32. Image
35. Leading Actor
38. The Present Time
39. Knight's Title
43. Behold



Answer on Page ?????? 40

By Anita Stern.

T.A.P. TO CONTROL DATA COMPUTER CENTRE

I was asked to write something about the T.A.P. to CONTROL DATA CENTRE, so, even if I am not very good at writing, I will try to do the best I can.

It all started when we were having lunch together in Cottage Four when one of the staff told me I had to be ready in one hour to go on a T.A.P. I left the cottage and went to Supervised Entrance and met the other girls. There were eight of us from Commercial Class or the Inside-Outlook. We waited a few minutes because Mrs. Lum was on vacation, but she came in that day just to take us out, which was very nice of her. Then we left and got in the van with Terry at the wheel.

When Mrs. Lum said the address was in Streetsville, June and the others thought she was wrong, so she went to check the telephone directory. It was the right address, but it was hard to find because Streetsville is now known as Peel County. It gave us a longer ride in the van, but everybody was happy to have a little sightseeing tour.

When we got to CONTROL DATA, some people met us at the door, took us to a conference room, and explained what the Centre was all about. I can tell you it was very interesting because that is where they build computers.

After that, we went on a tour of the place which was even more interesting than at first. We saw the different parts that go into the big machines, which consist of different kinds of little devices and thousands of wires that girls have to fix all by hand. This takes a few weeks of concentration and hard work. Then we went in to see the computers at work, which is very interesting to see.

That was the end of the tour so we went back to the conference room and there we were offered some pop, and we could ask all the questions we could possibly think of, but the part that was really interesting was when Rosi and I played Poker with the computer, and, after that, Horse Races.

Just before we left, they gave each of us a ruler, a pen, and a calendar made with the computer, which is Snoopy lying on the house, sleeping. Then we left and got back in the van. You can imagine all the things we talked about on the way back.

To finish this article, I would like to thank Terry, Mrs. Kautsky, and especially Mrs. Lum for taking us out and giving us a marvelous time.

Gaby F.

AWARDS
PRISON ARTS '74

Awards totalling \$3,890.00 were made to the inmate artists, and craftsmen, by the judges of Prison Arts 74, a national arts project established to encourage creative activity in the prisons, and to provide educational and rehabilitative opportunities.

The top prizes were two \$1,000.00 scholarships provided by Chubb Industries Limited and the Audrey S. Hellyer Charitable Foundation. The first was won by Edward J. Kubara, Stony Mountain Institution, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, for his collection of oil paintings. The second was divided between two writers of equal standing: Les Grant, Lower Mainland Correctional Centre, Burnaby, British Columbia, for prose, and Albert Simpson, Regional Reception Centre, Ste Anne des plaines, Quebec, for poetry.

Arts, crafts and creative writing enteries numbered 315. Other winners selected were:

ARTS:

Ontario Ministry of Correction Services - Robin Bouvette, Wendou Correctional Centre - \$100.00 for his oil painting "Two Towers".

Millmark Cards Awards for Painting - FIRST PRIZE - Michel Pellus, Leclerc Institution - \$250.00 - "The Garden". SECOND PRIZE - Eric Lifton, now released - \$150.00 - photograph "Snow". THIRD PRIZE - Max Palmerston, Burtch Correctional Centre - \$100.00 - "Mexican Village".

John Howard Society of Canada Award - Louis Art Levesque, Leclerc Institution - \$100.00 - painting - "Transition".

Harper-Lambert of Canada Limited - Gerry Clement, Stony Mountain Institution, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, - \$100.00 - a collection of Sketches.

Arcon Of Canada Limited - Roger Williams, Brandon Correctional Institution - a sketch entitled "The Beginning? The End!"
Guy D'Aoust, Landry Crossing Correctional Camp - \$50.00 - Tibetan Buddhist Art.

Prison Arts Foundation - Michel Pellus, Leclerc Institution - \$500.00 - for all his oil paintings.

CRAFTS - Canadian Penitentiary Service - Skee, B.C. Penitentiary, Westminister, B.C. - \$250.00 - "For Soapstone Chess".

The Prison Arts Foundation is a national charitable organization with office at 143 Fifth Avenue, Brantford, Ontario.

PRISON ART'S '74 (Cont'd.)

St. Leonards Society of Canada - William Jarvis, Collins Bay Institution - \$25.00 - "The Meet", a geometrical design.
 Joe Chaloupka, Warkworth Institution - \$25.00 - carved chess set.

Tandy Leather Company of Canada Limited - Camil, Leclerc Institution, Quebec - \$50.00 - for all leatherwork.

Warner-Lambert Company of Canada Limited - Patrick Jeffries, B.C. Penitentiary, New Westminster, B.C. - \$50.00 - Slatestone sculpture "Mary and Joseph".

E.G. Moulton, Joyceville Institution - \$50.00 - Petitpoint "Persian Garden".

Transair Limited - Towatugak, Yellowknife Correctional Centre - \$100.00 - Soapstone Loon.

Prison Arts Foundation - Sludge Jo Puddleduck, Warkworth Institution - \$50.00 for various entries.

WRITING:

Prison Arts Foundation - Prose - \$10.00 each - Robert Eby, Dorchester Penitentiary - Harold Mercer, now released - Robin Bouvette, Rideau Correctional Centre - D.F. McDonald, Joyceville Institution - Roger LaPorte, Archambault Institution.

Ron Emkeit, Saskatchewan Penitentiary - \$50.00 - two plays.

Pilot Club of Brantford - Poetry - \$10.00 each - Lawrence Gaudreau, Stave Lake Camp, Burnaby, B.C. - David Dunham, Stave Lake Camp, Burnaby, B.C. - Edmund Watts, Matsqui Institution - Gerry Clement, Stony Mountain Penitentiary - James A. Johnston - Warkworth Institution.

Warner-Lambert Canada Limited - S. Allan Mann, now released - \$100.00 - a play.

Elizabeth Fry Society of Canada - Etienne Boisjoli - \$90.00

Music : Prison Arts Foundation - Johnny Crosby, Leclerc Institution for his musical composition, "Il fait Bon de te Revoir Cherie" - \$25.00.

"Chaindrive," a musical group from Matsqui Institution, for their musical composition, "The Dawning Sun" - \$25.00.

Awards offered by the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs were deferred, because of lack of suitable entries from Status Indians. A special competition for fine art by Indian inmates will be announced by Prison Arts later this year, and the awards of \$50.00, \$300.00 and \$200.00 will be offered again.

Judges included artists Harold Town, Toronto, Guy Monpetit, Montreal and Walter Yarwood, Toronto and writer, Francis Sparshott, League of Canadian Poets, Peter Low, Playwrights' Co-operative, and Alma Lee, Canadian Writers', Union, Toronto.

King Kennedy

These two, these two - the word is "murder" and I do not understand. "Martin Luther King, shot in Memphis". Six words that echoed in the fear I felt. The reality of my world became but the fabric of hate and it all seemed somehow a nightmare of humanity that could not love.

King's death seemed to bring to mind again all too soon the intense shock of President John Kennedy's assassination, and I did not want to believe it had happened again. In fact it was much better to hide the awareness and retreat into the platitudes of the world around me. The abnormality of day to day that allowed me to accept myself and the world around.

But what has been building up our society cannot be ignored I cannot close my eyes and hide my fear. Robert Kennedy, another life taken, a spirit, a force, that has been so uselessly destroyed. And it is true we are all guilty. I feel the guilt. When I heard I could not ignore the pain and even worse the anger. I wanted to scream it. We destroy the fabric of life. . . . destroy bright blood red only to view the horror of the abyss.

Insane crawling obscenity, a crying of tears.

The emotions, the words washed over and through me. These men were real somehow, they were the symbols of incorporation of the good in man like maybe truth and quality of reaching out to touch one another. That is why I feel and I felt such fear. Their death came too easily. Is it significant of our future that we have proceeded backwards into the void. I used to believe man to be inherently good and that life was full of beauty. Yet the anger that I felt is the same destructive anger that murdered them.

I carry within me part of the responsibility for their death. The men who killed them acted only as the weapons of society. We determined that they should die. There is a real tendency to enshrine and revere these men - to expiate our own guilt but this is really a demeaning of what their deaths reveal about ourselves. We cannot forever live for today, there is tomorrow and tomorrow is but the extrapolation of today.

I have to find hope, to find meaning in these men's deaths. I cannot live with the guilt; it leaves me with nothing to hold on to.

By Bev. W. . . .

Women in Prison

A compilation of uncensored interviews with 400 female inmates and prison officials and informal conversations with approximately 500 more. Included are gutsy issues, poetry, legal statements, and 30 well-chosen photographs. The book, although very long, reads much like a novel.

By Kathryn Burkhart

Submitted by S. Lehnert

Library News Item

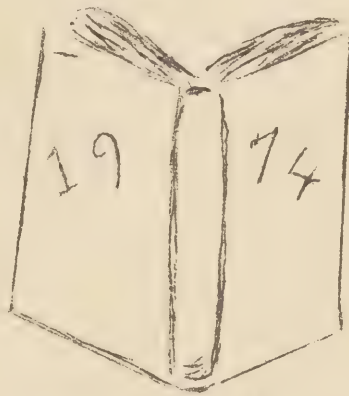
We are now receiving, in addition to the many other magazines in the library a small magazine of stories and poems by Canadian Writers. It is called Grain, and the pieces printed are very good.

S. Lehnert.

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD

G	A	R	A	G	E	B	A	L	E
A	V	E	N	U	E	I	S	I	S
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Poetry



Only!

Terry G.

Life

In uterus sleeping safe
 All the universe is kind and soft
 Only the muffled sounds come
 But they can't touch you.
 All that which exists is for you.
 Light is quiet and rose tinged
 Though your unawakened eyes
 Do not perceive.
 You float in twilight universe
 And there is no fear in you
 And now there is only
 Piercing sound, screaming,
 glaring light
 Big crude stalks violate
 your body and there is a new
 heaviness and in fear
 And terror you kick out at it.
 There is no love, only hurt,
 Noise and cold
 You open your mouth
 And the first sound of
 life is anger and frustration.
 Welcome, you are born.

by Bev. W.

Prisoner's Lament

Tears and temper.
 All I have as outward signs
 That I am still alive and
 Someone. Ego screaming out,
 Denying evidence that spirit
 Died. It's here inside and
 Even though they lead, I follow,
 They give orders, I obey they
 Can't claim ownership completely:
 Part of me holds back, away,
 Crescendoes in my inner mind as
 Their demands become commands
 Their small assaults build up inside:
 I feel my skin begin to crawl,
 Small ripples bring anxiety
 In rushes to the conscious mind which
 Now asserts its human pride with
 Wild display of
 Tears and temper,
 All I have as outward signs.

By Gale C-J

"The Last Rose of Summer"

Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone,
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is night,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give right for right.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

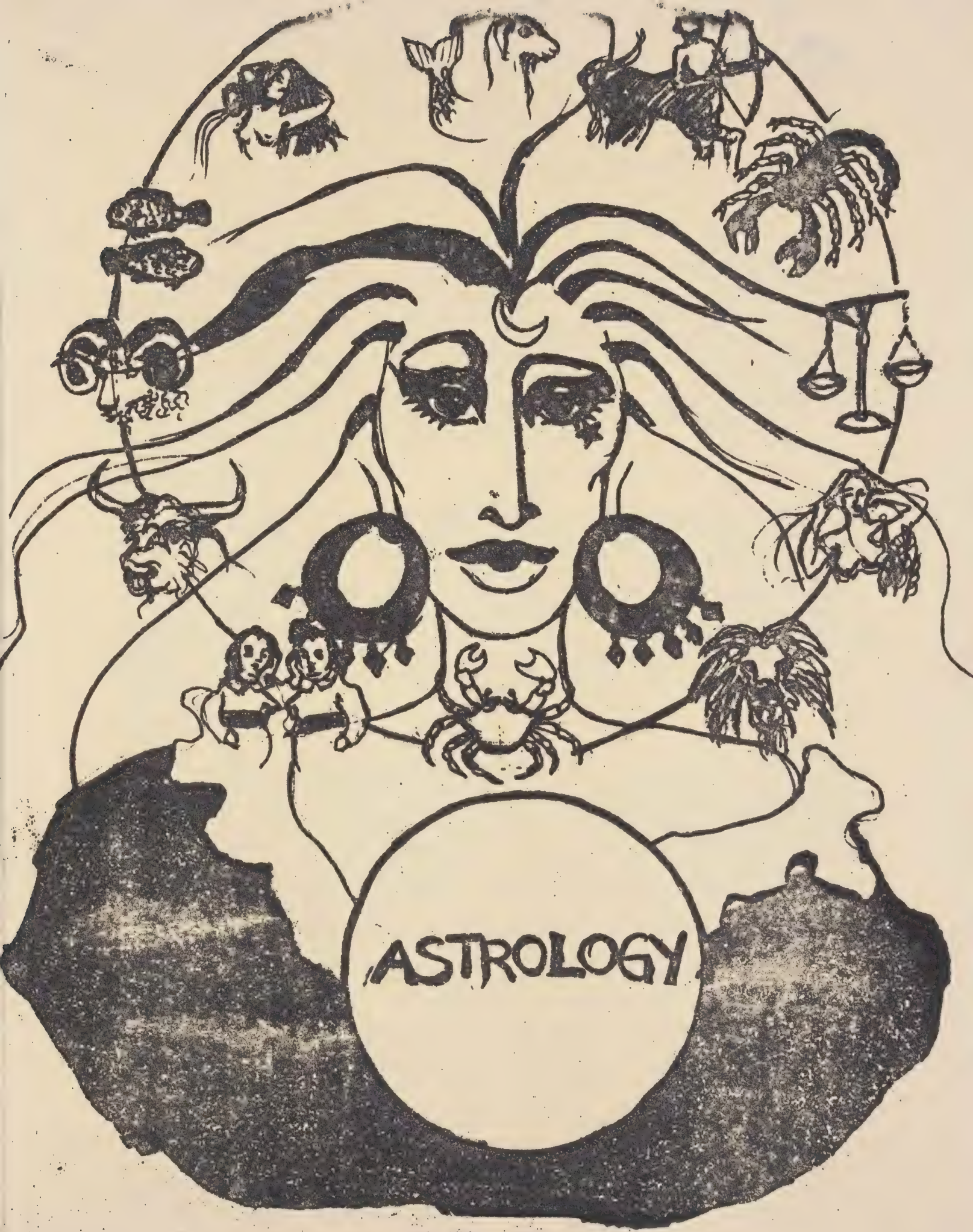
So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

Submitted by
 Terry G.

" A Kite "

I often sit and wish that I could
 be a Kite up in the sky,
 And ride upon the breeze and go which
 ever way I chanced to blow.

Submitted by
 Terry G.





ASTROLOGY

ARIES 21 March---19 April

Aries is the first sign of the zodiac, and its ruling planet is Mars. Aries is the Ram and is associated with the head. The colour of this sign is red, as the red planet Mars. The Arian's element is fire and is compatible with fire and air signs. Your sign has great potential leadership, but is quick to anger and has a natural disregard for danger. You are extremely sensitive to loneliness, and you become attached to another individual to avoid this. Aries is harmonious in relation to Leo, Sagitarius, Aquarius and Gemini.

TAURUS 20 April---21 May

Taurus is the second house of the zodiac, and its element is earth, which gives you a solid reliable nature. Taurus is the bull, and the ruling planet is Venus. You have a love of art, a sense of harmony and beauty. You are governed by the throat and neck. You should let warmth and love play important roles in your life. When you feel as though you have been taken advantage of, your calm nature changes into a rage, hence the bull. Taurean requires challenge, and your harmonious signs are Pisces, Cancer, Virgo, and Capricorn, which are water and earth signs.

GEMINI 22 May---20 June

Gemini's ruling planet is Mercury, the messenger of the gods. Gemini is the third house of the zodiac and is an airy sign. You are associated with the hands, arms and lungs. You have a double nature. You can go in one direction, but be headed somewhere else. Geminis are restless, and there is a need for consistency. You hate to be bored and have the tendency to live life at a frantic pace. Your sign has a flirtatious reputation. Gemini is the sign of the twins, and this is the duo nature. Aries, Leo, Libra and Aquarius, are the most compatible signs for Geminis.

CANCER 21 June---22 July

Cancer, the crab, is the sign of motherhood and its ruling planet is the moon. Your element is water, and this is the fourth house of the zodiac. You are solid and weak, you are a contradiction because like your moon symbol, you are subject to change without notice. You have very strong family ties, but you must learn to live your own life. Cancer is related to the chest, breasts, and stomach. This sign is of someone who is emotional, sensitive, moody and has a love of security. Cancers often strive hard for love and affection., It is not easy to fool a Cancer, but you are good at fooling yourself. Your sign is harmonious in relation to Taurus, Virgo, Scorpio and Pisces.

Astrology (cont'd)

LEO 23 July---22 August

The fifth sign of the zodiac, Leo's ruling planet is the sun. Leo is the king, the ruler and your element is fire, that which burns purely and fiercely. You are not easily swayed. This is the royal sign. Parts of body that you are governed by are the heart and back. A Leo gives of themselves, but also expects plenty in return, and you have an abundance of natural talent. You always want your own way, and like nothing but the best. Leos are strong, and shed this strength on others. You also want your mate to be the image of you. Leo is in harmonious relation to Gemini, Libra, Aries and Sagittarius.

VIRGO 23 August---22 September

Virgo, the virgin, is the sixth house of the zodiac, Earth is your element, and Mercury your ruling planet. Both are adaptable to changes as is your nature. Virgoan is generally neat, clean and tidy. You have lots of energy which must be given proper expression. You are always willing to lend a helping hand. You are governed by your intestines and nervous system. The Virgo person is basically insecure, and must learn moderation in your approach to living. Before you fall deeply in love, you must remove some psychological barriers. Cancer, Scorpio, Taurus and Capricorns are your ideal partners in business, love and friendship.

LIBRA 23 September---22 October

Libra, the seventh sign, begins halfway through the year. The symbol of the scales show the basic need for a well-balanced life. Venus is your ruling planet and you are governed by your lumbar region and kidneys. Your goal is balance and harmony, peace and love. Venus, your ruling planet, is a symbol of luxury and love, fulfillment and frustration, beauty and the beast. Your life tends to run in cycles, high and low, good and otherwise, happy and sad, prosperous and wanting. Your scales tip back and forth, constantly, and maintaining balance is important. Librans have charm and you fall in love with love. Your soul mates are Leo, Sagittarius, Gemini, and Aquarius.

SCORPIO 23 October---21 November

Mars and Pluto are your ruling planets. Water is your element and you are very intense. Scorpions are ruled by their genitals and are very passionate. And this is how you express yourself. You do everything intensely, work hard, play hard. Jealousy is your major drawback. Scorpions may be roused to act with violence &



Astrology (cont'd)

cruelty, and should learn to control it. "Still water runs deep" is a good way to describe your mental attitude. You will experience deep emotional relationships and don't forget your past loves easily. Your partners in marriage, love and business are Virgo, Capricorns, Cancers and Pisces.

SAGITTAURIUS 22 November---21 December

Sagittarius is the sign of the Centaur, a creature, half-man, half-horse. Jupiter is the ruling planet, and your element is fire. Sagittarians are naturally frank and optimistic. You are very restless and will have several irons in the fire. In love matters, you like a pretty or handsome face, and you attract those who will bully you and are somewhat a masochist. Travel can be an important part of your life, and your birth sign, the Centaur, signifies long journeys. You have a great sense of humour and it is often coupled with irony. Your best partners in love are Librans, Aquarians, Leos and Aries.

CAPRICORNS 22 December---19 January

Capricorns are the tenth sign of the zodiac and your element is earth. Your ruling planet is Saturn which symbolizes power, responsibility, restriction and discipline. Your sign is governed by the knees and one of the hazards of your health is rheumatism. Once you set a goal you will work NIGHT AND DAY TO OBTAIN it, sacrificing much that really makes life worth living. You are remote trying to succeed and this also makes you cold. You have a very cool, clear and calculation mind. You will not fall in love very quickly or easily, and definitely do not like to be pursued. Your soul mates are Scorpions, Pisces, Taurus and Virgo.

AQUARIUS 20 January---18 February

Aquarius is the natural eleventh zodiacal sign, associated with planet Uranus. Your sign is the water-carrier and your element is fire. You must have your independence and this creates problems of people trying to understand you. People envy you because you dare to do things that they dream about. Your zodiacal sign associates with friends, hopes, wishes, aspirations. You have a crackling excitement about you which both attracts and repels persons for the same reason. You are favorable to Sagittarius, Aries, Gemini and Libra.

PISCES 19 February---20 March

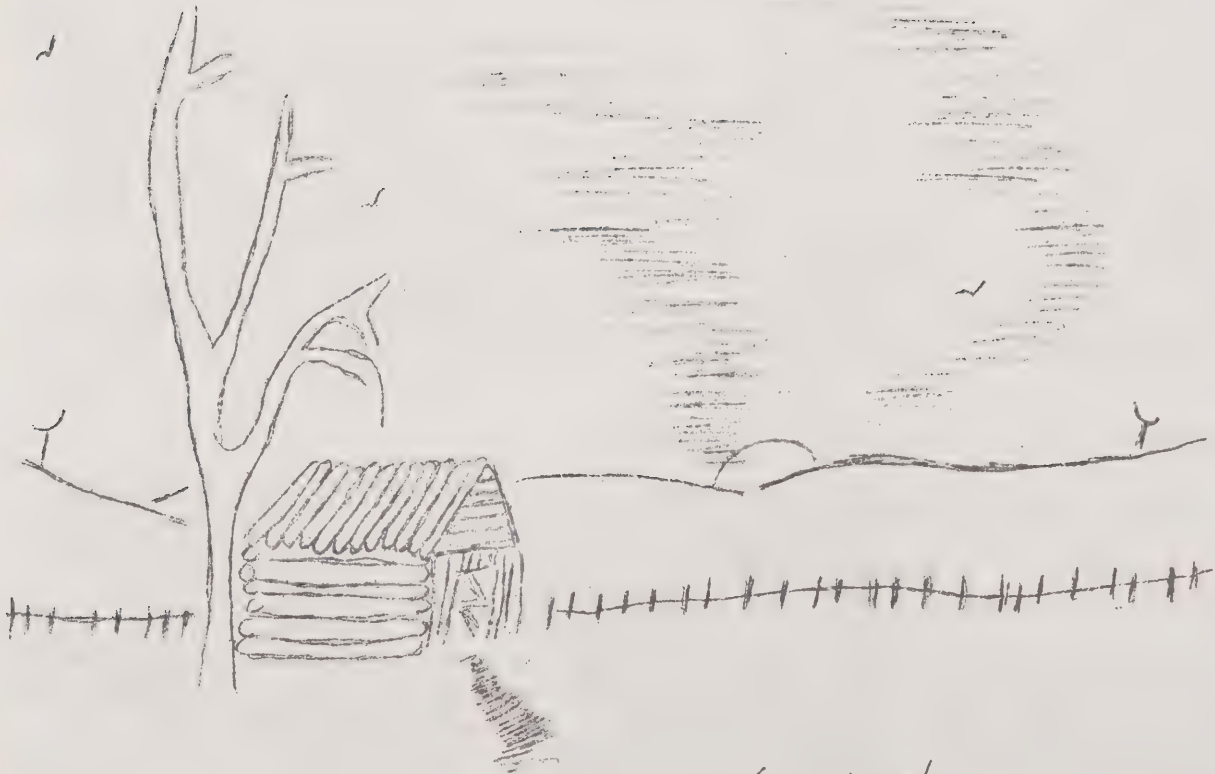
Pisces is the twelfth house of the zodiac. Its element is water and the sign is fish. Pisceans are understanding, receptive and possess more than an ordinary amount of E.S.P. On the positive side, you love beauty, are gentle, and make your dreams a

Astrology (cont't)

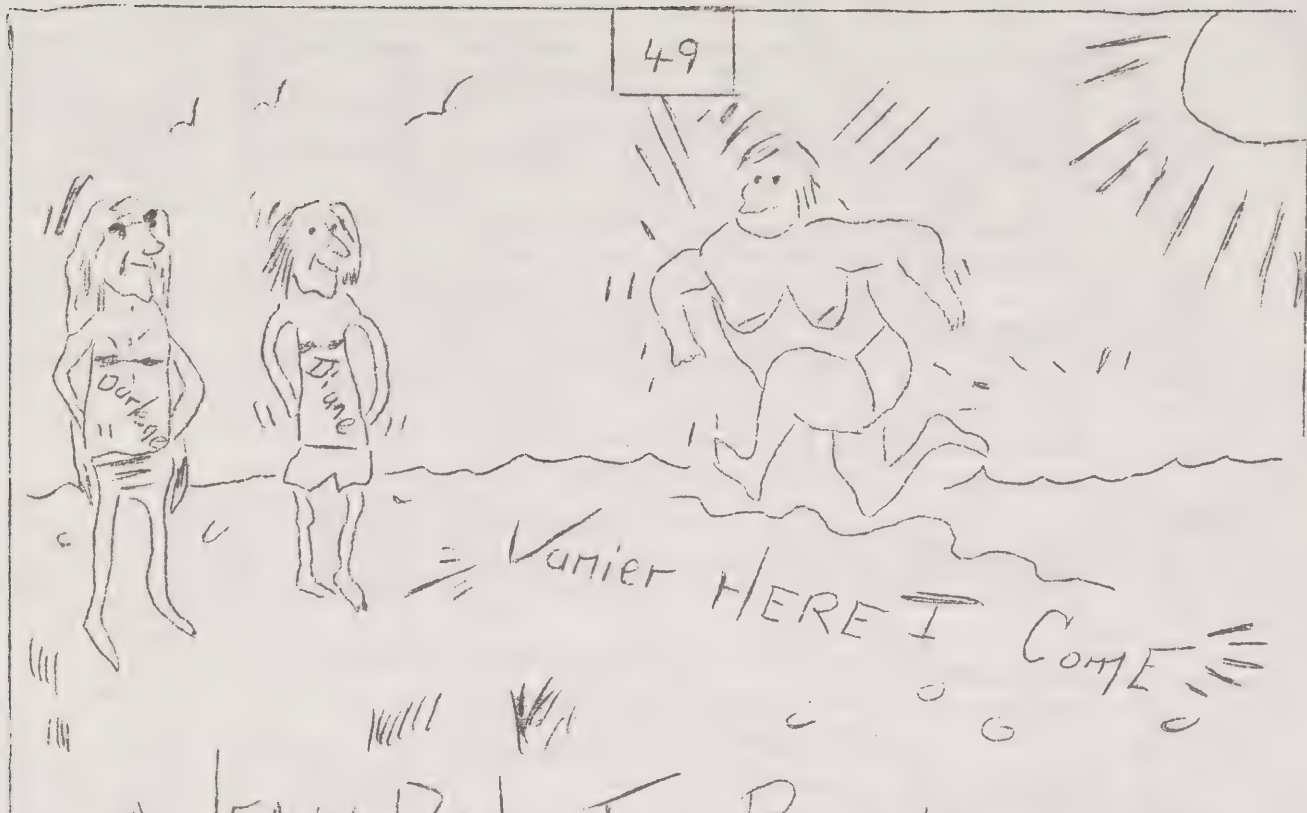
reality. In the negative vein you are very gullible, you dream and don't act, you are deceitful and easily deceived. Pisces are spiritually inclined and somewhat a mystic. Your sign is physically attracted to people born under Cancer, Scorpio and Taurus.

Art Shelly

Horoscope Eddie Mc.



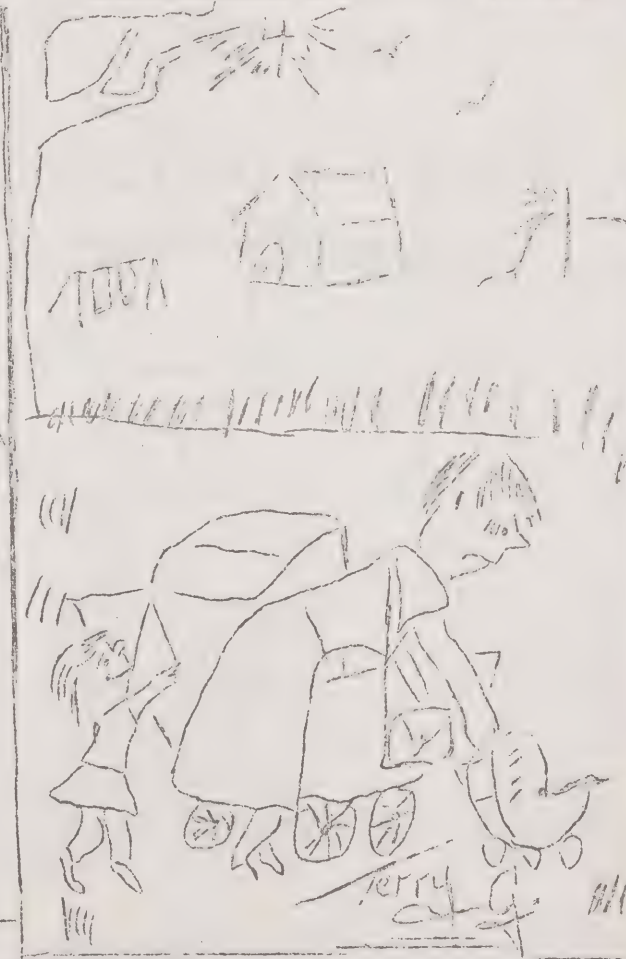
TERRY G.



A HEAVY Date Two Bow Wows.



Miss Tutty Said IF I was /ate
Again I would get a Misconduct
Terry G.



≡ / 974 ≡

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